

"The Ocean Girl: or, The Boy Buccaneer," by the Author of "Cruiser Crusoe," Commences in the Next Number.

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No. 78.

THE POETS REST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The poet slept, when eight came down;
A sleep most sweet and tender:

His life, we said, has claimed its crown;

His face a rarest splendor.

The splendor of a peace so sweet—

That naught shall mar its quiet—

Rest wraps him in from head to feet

From every earthly riot.

We put some blossoms in his hand,

And some upon his bosom.

The sweetest heart in all the land

Had love for every blossom.

We made his grave among the grass,

Upon the hillside sunny,

Where the birds would pass

And bees would seek for honey.

We planted on his lonely grave

The violet and the clover;

And asked the grass to grow and wane

The poet's pillow over.

The bees will seek the clover blossoms

That blow in spring above him;

And violets, in their sweet perfumes,

Will tell how much they love him.

Rest, poet! we shall go our ways,

But not, dear friend, forget you;

In future hours and coming days

No sorrow shall beset you.

And when we think of you, asleep,

That thought shall check our sorrow;

You're more than weeps to weep;

You've found the glad To-morrow!

Out in the World: THE FOUNDING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MASTER AND MAN.

WHEN Chauncey Watterson left Elinor Gregg he went immediately to the stables and bid Rand saddle his favorite, Ney.

"Bound for the city, sir?" asked Rand, as he led the beautiful sorrel into the yard.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Back to-day?"

"I suppose so."

"Will Johnson wait up for you?"

"No; I have a night-key. Good-by, Rand."

He waved the short riding-whip at the driver; he took off his hat to Mrs. Watterson, who was peering through one of the parlor windows, and, cantering down the shady avenue, was lost to sight.

As soon as he reached the open roadway he buried the spurs into the sides of his horse, and the animal sprang forward into a gallop. A half an hour at a full-mell pace and he turned into what was then Western, but is now Central avenue. The street was so thronged with vehicles and pedestrians that Chauncey was forced to permit his panting steed to walk slowly until the corner of Fifth street was gained. Then he dashed on again up to Vine, where he alighted and gave his horse in charge of a negro whom he called Gilbert.

"I'm going in here. I'll be back presently, Gilbert."

He placed in the black palm a piece of silver and disappeared in the grim doorway of a tall, bleak-looking, shutterless house of three stories which stood on the west side of the street.

The stains he ascended were besmeared with rubbish, and they creaked under his heavy footfalls as if they were unwilling to bear the additional weight.

On reaching the landing at the head of the first flight of stairs Chauncey stopped, whistled twice and then waited.

The door before which he stood rattled, as if in answer, and then it swung open and a tall, gaunt, red-whiskered man stood in the entrance.

"It's you, is it—eh?" were his first words as he met Chauncey. " Didn't expect to see you to-day?"

"I suppose not," replied Chauncey, pushing past the man into the room.

"No, you don't often put in your appearance in daylight," said the red-whiskered man, closing the door with a bang that made all the windows rattle. " This ain't just the sort of a neighborhood a man would like to mix in and claim to be respectable, is it?"

Chauncey turned and looked into the fellow's eyes savagely.

"Ned Blaisley, I don't want any of your jeering. Do you understand that?"

"I think I do."

"I hope you'll heed me, too, when I say that you must not fool with me."

"Meant no offense, sir," and Blaisley bowed.

"Now, look here, Ned: I don't want any of your mock politeness. I owe you nothing."

"Not a red."

I have paid you for every thing you ever did for me!"

"Like a gentleman."

"Well, then, we are at quits. If I don't choose to associate with your herd in public, that's my business."

"Altogether your business," with a shake of the head.

"I hardly know what to make of this fellow," thought Chauncey. "But, I need him, and so must put up with his impudence."

"Will you step into the back room, Mr. Watterson?" said Blaisley, deferentially. "You will find it more comfortable there."

"Is there any one in?"

"Not a soul."

"All right. I want to speak to you on a

"I have got things as comfortable as I could on such short notice," the old hag said.

each other cordially by the hand and parted.

"At eleven to-night," were Chauncey's last words, as he left the inner room.

"At eleven," echoed Blaisley, without stirring.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BOY MINSTRELS.

WHEN Chauncey Watterson left the crib, as the house on Vine street was called by those who frequented it, he mounted his steed and rode to the home of Grace Alward.

She was "at home" to Mr. Watterson, at all times; and so, when the ebony servant recognized Chauncey that morning, he ushered him into the reception-room at once.

"Miss Grace, sah, will be down directly," he said, and, making a profound salaam, disappeared.

Chauncey appeared very much at home in that elegant reception-room. He leaned back in the soft depths of a plush velvet chair, and surveyed with a careless glance his golden appointments.

The lace upon the windows was heavy and costly; the carpet of the richest texture and most elaborate pattern, while the furniture must have been imported, he thought; it was so entirely unlike any thing he had ever seen in America before.

And as he sat there, and caught his form, again and again reflected in the tall pier mirrors, he thought how very shabby was the home of Elinor Gregg, and how utterly impossible it was for him to marry a poor farmer's daughter.

"None of your wit, Blaisley. I'm not in the mood for humor."

"I was only a-joking," answered Blaisley; "and you used to could take a joke with anybody."

"And I can do so yet; but, as I have said already, I come here on business. Can you help me to carry a girl from Walnut Grove to the house down by the Ohio?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"I'm glad of that. You see it's unpleasant to have any thing to do with coroners."

Blaisley laughed as he spoke, and Chauncey turned upon him with eyes gleaming and face crimson.

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"Nothing of the kind."

"I'm glad of that. You see it's unpleasant to have any thing to do with coroners."

"All right. What's the rake?"

"One hundred dollars when she is safely in the cabin."

"That's liberal enough."

"But there is a baby in the case."

"A baby?"

"Yes; a child of a few days old, only."

"Ain't you afraid of the leetle thing catching cold—eh?"

"And if it does, so much the better!"

Chauncey leaned over the table and hoarsely whispered these words, which his dark companion answered by a sly wink, as much as to say—"I understand."

The two men talked the matter over, made all their arrangements, and, after shaking a glass of spirits together, shook

"Play something, my little fellows," said Chauncey, casting them a silver dime.

The eldest picked up the coin that had rolled jingling around the pavement, and passed it to his brother.

"Here, Romney," he said, "take charge."

The little fellow took the money, placed it in a little bag which he had strung around his neck, and then the musical minstrels broke out into a plaintive Italian air, singing in a spirited manner the words in English.

While they were singing, Grace Alward stole into the room on tiptoe, and tapped Chauncey playfully upon the shoulder.

He turned quickly, glanced down into her beautiful blue eyes, over the ripples of her golden hair, and, bending low, kissed her cheek.

"Is this your concert?" she said, laughing.

"Yes, I'm an impressario for the first time," he answered, taking her hands in one of his, and leading her away from the window.

They sat down on a soft sofa in the shadiest corner of the room, and were soon engaged in discussing the ball of the previous evening.

The young musicians played four or five airs unheeded; then packed their violins away and strolled down the street in quest of custom.

"Romney, trade is a leetle dull to-day, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"What do you say if we count our earnings?"

"Well, I don't care," said Romney, taking the bag from about his neck.

"Where will we sit, Van?"

"Yes, I'm here on these steps," replied Van.

The little fellow glanced upward. They were standing in front of a large Gothic church, the spire of which towered over the doorway two hundred feet, surmounted at last by a glittering finger, which little Romney thought was touching the sky itself.

"Don't let's sit here, Van," he said, turning to the big boy. "That spire is a-comin' down on our heads."

"No, it ain't," replied Van, laughing; "I used to think it was a-comin' over, too, but it's just the clouds as is a-goin' that other way."

Little Romney opened his large dark eyes and bit his nether lip, and, without speaking of the surprise that was in him, he followed Van up the steps, and emptied his money-bag on the cold door-step.

They counted it over very carefully. There were a good many large pennies, three five-cent pieces, and one shining silver dime.

The child addressed was a pale, sickly little fellow. He never spoke a word in reply, but followed his brother across the window behind which he stood.

"That was a lucky haul, Romney, old boy," said Van, lifting up the dime and rattling it on the stone.

"That was a lucky haul, Romney, old boy," said Van, lifting up the dime and rattling it on the stone.

"Yes," Romney meekly answered; "very good."

"It will buy Ma tea anyway," said Van, "an' we'll have a mess when we go home. Won't we?"

"Yes," Romney answered. "But it's cold here, Van; let's go home now."

Van shook his head decidedly and said:

"Tell you what we'll do, Romney."

"Well?"

"We'll go down Broadway to the levee. The mail-boat for Louisville will be goin' out 'bout this time. What ye say?"

The pale, fragile little Romney simply said, "Well," and, with a sigh, he picked up his little violin and the lads trudged down the street together and were soon lost in the crowd and bustle.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

On the night succeeding Elinor Gregg's arrival at Walnut Grove she sat up in bed, nervously awaiting the coming of Chauncey Watterson. The house was very still. The clock on the mantel seemed to be ticking drowsily, as if the pendulum was weary of its monotonous labors, while without, the night-wind moaned drearily, and the trees sighed, as if sentient.

Presently there was a light footfall in the corridor; then the door-knob turned, and Chauncey, his person enveloped in a huge cloak, stole into the room.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked, his eyes trembling with excitement.

"I don't know. I'm afraid, Chauncey, this is going to kill me."

"And you won't go, then?"

"I did not say that," she said. "I am willing to go, but my ability to do so was what I spoke of."

"Here," he said, taking up a huge robe which during the day he had carried there; "I'll wrap this about you. It will keep the air from you until you reach the carriage."

"But the baby, Chauncey—what

There was no response, and Chauncey exclaimed, in alarm:

"My God, Blaisley, I am afraid the girl is dead."

"You don't say so," replied Blaisley. "If she is, we are in a box, that's all."

"Hush—she is not dead. She has only fainted. Have you a drop of liquor about you?"

"Always carry it," returned Blaisley, producing a small flask which he handed to Chauncey. "Here."

"Now, Blaisley, get up and drive as rapidly as you can, and I'll look after these folks."

Chauncey stepped into the carriage, and Blaisley mounted the box, and soon the vehicle was dashing along the lonely road, at a fearful rate.

An hour of rapid driving and the foot of Fifth street was reached.

At the time of which we write it was not densely populated as now, and, indeed, may be said to have been outside the city altogether. There were no lamp-posts west of John street, and neither ferry nor bridge to Covington, unless we call a skiff which made semi-occasional trips across the broad Ohio by that name.

Just below where Fifth street now terminates, the carriage stopped, and Blaisley scrambled down from the box and put his head in at the door.

"Will I go forward and see how things are?" asked Blaisley.

"Yes; you had better; but, hurry up. The girl has fainted again."

Blaisley closed the door softly, and walked rapidly along the bank of the river until he caught sight of a light glinting through the darkness and fog.

Then he returned to the carriage, remounted his perch, and drove toward the rickety old frame from which the light gleamed. It had once been a suburban residence; but that must have been many years before, for the paint had dried into the weather-boarding, and the shutters hung all awry and creaked dismal as the night wind swung them to and fro. There had formerly been a flower-garden, and a stretch of lawn sweeping down to the margin of the rushing river; but now, there were only scrubs, and roots, and brambles, through which ran a path, like a yellow ribbon, to the water's edge.

Through this old garden, Chauncey carried Elinor Gregg, as if she was only a child. He was followed closely by Ned Blaisley with the baby in his arms.

When the wide, uncarpeted hall was reached, Blaisley shouted:

"Meg, show us a light—show us a light, will you?"

There was a noise as if made by the opening and closing of a creaking door, and then, on the stairs, appeared an old crone of sixty or thereabouts, with an inclosed lamp in her hand.

"Hold the light up so as a fellow can see his finger before him," shouted Blaisley.

The woman did as directed, and Chauncey staggered up the bare stairs with his burden still in his arms.

"This way, please," said the old woman, crossing the upper hall and pushing open a door which led into a rather neat chamber, where a large drift-wood fire roared and crackled. "I've got things as comfortable as I could on such short notice," continued the old hag, as she saw Chauncey glance around the room.

"You've done very well," replied Chauncey, laying the half-unconscious Elinor upon the bed. "This girl, however, needs attention, as does the baby there. Some hot drinks, I think, would be well enough, and—"

"Never mind that; Meg Tudor understands her business," interrupted the old woman, "an' she'll fix 'em all up in a few minutes."

"Then, while you are doing so, Blaisley and I will walk into the next room and settle a bit of private business."

"Very well. Jest make yourselves at home, gentlemen," said the old crone, as she hobbled about the room, preparing a drink for Elinor.

The two men withdrew to an adjoining apartment, which had neither carpet upon the floor nor curtains on the windows, and was, indeed, all in all, a very cheerful, domestic-looking room.

"This is Meg's ante-room," said Blaisley, laughing. "It ain't fitted up very like a royal habitation, and yet, the old witch claims to be one of the English Tudors."

"She's an old fool," replied Chauncey, leaning against the rude mantelpiece and looking into the fire.

"But, she's handy," put in Blaisley, "devilish handy. Fact is, Cincinnati couldn't do very well without her, and you ought to be very much obliged to her for helping you in this scrape."

"Don't I pay her?" and Chauncey turned angrily upon his companion. "Besides, she is in possession of my secret, and I don't feel as safe as I'd like to, by a good deal!"

"Well, now, I don't think you've any cause to fear," replied Blaisley, drawing his words. "Meg ain't all bad. She takes this girl, and nurses her, and gives her some precious good advice, and, maybe, by doing this, saves the gal's life."

"Blaisley, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, then, I mean that this here gal is an ugly thing on your hands. You are rich and respectable; she is poor, and may have been honest before you met her. It won't do to marry her anyhow, and Meg will save you from going to extremes, you see."

The two men looked into each other's face, and Chauncey would like to have been able to throttle his gigantic companion, but he was not able, and so he stifled his wrath as best he could, and simply said:

"I spoke to Minerva," said the old man, in a low voice, "and told her of my obligations to you. She did—"

"I hope you did not tell her the whole truth," hastily interrupted Malcolm Arlington.

"Oh, no! I told her a tale of my own making, and—"

"Good! for I would not have my future wife to know that she has such a knave for a father! Nay, do not frown at me; I am speaking the truth. If you doubt it, we'll annull the agreement, and I will submit the facts in my possession to an impartial jury—the public! What say you?"

"I'll not disturb them," said Chauncey. "Tell Elinor when she awakes that I will be here to see her to-morrow night."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell her."

"Here is some money for you."

The yellow palm was outstretched in a minute, and the weak, reddish eyes were glittering with eager expectancy as she clutched the roll of money Chauncey gave to her.

"You must take good care of her!"

Old Ames looked hastily in that direction; then springing to his feet, he ran to the door, hung it open, and gazed into the little back room adjoining the parlor.

Old Ames looked at the girl, and then, with a proud smile of victory upon his lips, and fires of enthusiasm glancing in his eyes, Malcolm Arlington grasped the old man's hand. Then, striding softly to the front door, he opened it and left the house.

The lamps were being lit in the streets of Lawrence, and the grateful breezes of evening flung the sand about hither and thither.

Old Arthur Ames stood in his bedchamber. He was robed in a singular attire, a rough-looking garb, and he held in his hand a large, wide-brimmed woof hat.

He caught sight of the skirt of a female dress disappearing through a side door into the hall.

"You must take good care of her!"

"Yes, sir; you can depend upon me for that."

"Let her want for nothing. Remember, I'll pay for every thing."

"That's the way I likes to hear men talk," croaked the hag. "Good-night, gentlemen."

The two men passed into the dark hall and were groping their way along, when old Meg appeared at the head of the stairs, holding her lamp over her gray head.

"You can see now?" she asked.

"Yes, thank ye, Meg," said Blaisley.

"That will do."

The old woman bid the two men good-night once more, and then turned away to count the money she had just received.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 73.)

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EAVES-DROPPER.

SUMMONING every effort, Arthur Ames controlled himself and returned to his seat.

"The wind flurried in through the window," he said; "that was all."

Malcolm Arlington looked at him keenly, but he said nothing.

Several moments elapsed in silence. But the iron-gray man had come on business; he glanced at his watch, and said:

"Hailing to get an answer, I have come, Mr. Ames, to see you about it. I have a plan of my own. I want to hear from your daughter's lips, that she will accept me as her suitor. I do not wish her to tell me so, for I honestly love her—love her more than I do my soul's salvation, and I would woo and win—would prove to her that, though I am rough and pointed in my speech, a thorough man of business, yet, that I have a tender, warm and loving heart, which, in return for her love, I can give her."

He paused. His words had grown hot, and a generous glow had come to his smooth-shaven cheeks.

Old Ames looked at him, as if expecting him to proceed,

"Now, place me somewhere so that I can hear and not be seen; then send for Minerva and have an interview with her. In the conversation, bring about the point I desire."

"I hate to do a thing of this sort, Mr. Arlington," said old Ames, after a brief pause.

"I may be a bad man, but I am a man's father, and it looks like putting a spy on your actions."

"I admire you for those words, Ames," Arlington said; "but trust to my honor in this case. Remember, I love Minerva not less than you do."

"It shall be as you wish, sir. Retire to that room; there you can hear all."

Without a word, Malcolm Arlington arose and withdrew to the apartment to which we have referred.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Ames struck a hand-bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell Miss Ames that I wish to speak with her."

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments, Minerva entered the room. Her face was flushed and her hands were nervous and unsteady, as she arranged the folds of her hair. She glanced hurriedly around her; she evidently expected to see some one.

"Why, father, where is Malcolm Ar—Mr. Arlington?"

"Mr. Arlington? How knew you he was here?" and the old man scanned her face closely.

"I saw him from my window. He came this way; then I heard the bell jingle."

She spoke innocently; but, what was strange for her, she cast her eyes down.

"Mr. Arlington was here, my child, but he has gone," and he watched her covertly.

"Gone! Strange that I did not hear the door, and—but, did he ask for me?" and she looked straight at her father.

"He asked kindly after you, Minerva, but did not express a wish to see you. He said he would call this evening, you remember, and—"

"This evening! Oh! I had forgotten!"

and the girl started, as an anxious shade came to her face.

"What disturbs you, my child? You know that Mr. Arlington notified you he would call this evening."

Old Ames' voice was lower and more subdued.

"I know, father; but I will be busy till half-past nine, and I would see Mr. Arlington as became him as my future lover."

"That hour will suit him," said Mr. Ames, in a loud, quick tone; "and so, Minerva, you have concluded to make your old father happy; you have concluded to accept Mr. Arlington! Heaven bless you, my child! Mr. Arlington is a noble gentleman, and—"

"Yes, father, he is, I know, in every way worthy of me, and—and—for the sake of both of us, I hope I can learn to love him."

"Thanks! thanks, my child! Again may heaven bless you, and—"

"But, father, why did you send for me?"

The question was sudden; it took old Ames by surprise. He stammered; his face reddened. But a bright look came to his eyes as a sudden memory flashed over him.

"I sent for you, to say, my child, that I would be absent this evening, perhaps, until a late hour of the night, and that you need not be uneasy about—"

"Why, father," interrupted the girl, "what will he think, and how will it look?"

"Pshaw! my daughter, Malcolm Arlington is a gentleman. Then, as it may be, he would be before he comes, I may see him."

"Yes, sir, I am glad to see him."

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"But, father, why did you send for me?"

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and *richer* company. Don't start; read this letter and you'll know where he is."

As he uttered these words rapidly, he thrust an envelope into Bessie's hand.

The girl took it mechanically, glanced at it, and, leaving the door open, spread out the sheet.

Her eyes flashed rapidly over the written words; and a low groan escaped her lips as she read, in a wailing tone:

"DEAR MR. GRAY.—I must see you to-night. Matters of importance, *perhaps*. I can not think the brave man, who once stood between me and danger, will refuse to come to the bidding of one who holds him in sweet and grateful remembrance. Come, and at an 'early' MINERVA."

Bessie dropped the letter, and receded away to the mantel for support. She heeded not the presence of the dead in which she stood, and she heeded not the man who had brought the letter.

The shaft had struck her. She knew now where Lorin Gray was, and why he had failed to keep his promise with her.

"Oh, Phil! say this letter is your own making, and I—"

"My making! That's very likely! Bah! you know better. Come with me, Bessie; Raynor, and I'll show you a sight which will cure you of your love for this double-faced fellow! Come, I'll protect you."

She glanced at him. Her face was a theater of struggling emotions. She thought of the lonely house, of the chest which was to prove so valuable, of poor Ross, and his uneasy slumbers; she thought, too, of the stark, cold corpse.

But, love and jealousy were waging a fierce battle in her bosom. She would know the worst!

"I'll go, Phil! I'll go, though I die by the act!" she said. "Wait a moment. Poor Ross! I must look after him."

With these words, she turned at once, and hurried softly up-stairs.

A glance at the calm, marble-like, innocent face, so spectral, so pallid, told her that the invalid slept.

A moment, and she crept softly down-stairs again. Throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, she extended her arm to Phil, and said:

"Come, I'll trust you; let us go."

Phil closed the door, and with the frail girl hanging on his arm, he walked away.

Fifteen minutes from that time, two silent figures stood by the open window of the Ames' mansion—one a man, the other a woman.

Suddenly the latter, as she gazed with bated breath into the elegant, brilliantly-lit apartment, uttered a long, wailing shriek, and sank to the cold pavement.

She had seen something through the open casement.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE,

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FLY-LEAF AGAIN.

For a second only the dark figure, crouching beneath the stairs, kept the revolver at its poise, then the calmer second thought stayed the murderous hand. He dropped the muzzle of the pistol toward the floor, and again eagerly bent forward to listen.

Unconscious of his danger, unconscious that a foeman's hand had been raised to deal him the death stroke, Talbot gazed with a glance of tenderness into the little brown face, whose eyes looked so lovingly into his own.

Gently he kissed the low, sweet forehead, the blushing cheeks and the golden fringed eyelids.

"You are willing to risk all, then?" he said, "willing to give yourself unto my charge, forever and forever?"

"Yes," she replied, lowly, softly, dreamily; she was in a heaven of happiness. The hour of bliss, for which she had prayed so long and so hopelessly, had come at last. The sense of joy which thrilled through her being seemed to take away her breath; she was faint with happiness.

"In spite of all that I have said, you love me?" Talbot asked, slowly. "My past life may be stained with crime; my present isn't any too good; in fact, couldn't be much worse, yet you love me, angel that you are!"

"Oh, Dick, I am but a poor, weak girl, strong only in love," Bessie replied, nestling her head, coyly, on his breast.

"You are playing a desperate game, Bessie, to stake a priceless love like yours against the weak, wavering passion that has to struggle for its existence in my heart."

"I don't fear a bit, Dick," she answered, earnestly. "I know that you would not ask me to be your wife if you did not love me a little; you are too fair, too generous for that; and if you do love me a little, I shall give you so much love in return that you will not be able to help loving me a great deal, even if you tried not to, and I know that you won't do that."

Perfect faith shone in the clear eyes of the girl as she uttered the simple speech.

"No, Bessie, you're right," Talbot said, quickly. "I shall try to love you with all my heart. It can not be possible that I shall fail, for a passion as pure, and strong as yours must meet with its reward. From this time forth you are the only woman in the world that I shall think of; I will forget that any other woman lives!"

A quick, joyous flush came over Bessie's face; never before had she heard words that seemed so sweet to her ears. A long-drawn breath came from between her scarlet lips; her heart was too full for words.

"By the by, Bessie," said Talbot, suddenly. "Something happened then that has puzzled me a little; I meant to have spoken to you about it before, but forgot it!"

"What is it?"

"Why, about that Bible; what reason had you for tearing the fly-leaf out of it?"

A half-smile came over the girl's face, and a soft, shy light shone in her eyes.

"There was something written on the leaf that I didn't want anybody to see," she said, slowly.

"Something written on the leaf?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Yes, something that I wrote there."

"What was it, Bessie?"

The girl drew the crumpled leaf from its

warm hiding-place close to her heart; but, as she placed it in Dick's hand, she hesitated, still retained her grasp upon the paper, and looked up, shyly, into his face.

"I suppose you'll think that I'm real silly, but I couldn't help it, Dick. If you hadn't asked me to be your wife, I should never have shown it to you."

"If your love for me prompted your hand when you wrote, I shall not be apt to think that it is silly," Talbot replied, smiling.

"Look, then," Jimmie said.

Jimmie relinquished her grasp on the crumpled bit of paper and again nestled her head down on Talbot's breast.

Dick smoothed out the crumpled leaf, and, by the aid of the moonbeams, examined it.

On the leaf were two written lines; two names; one traced beneath the other. A name came over Dick's face as his eyes rested on the lines. The two names were:

"Jimmie Johnson."

The girl had couched her name with that of the man she loved.

"You poor girl!" cried Talbot, quickly and earnestly. "I am not worthy such a love as yours, but for your sake I'll try to be. If heaven will only help me, in time I may be able to love you as you ought to be loved."

Jimmie returned the precious paper to its former hiding-place.

"I should have felt so mean if Judge Jones had seen that," she said.

A thoughtful expression came over Talbot's face. "An idea had come to him,

"Jimmie," he said, abruptly, "can you tell why Judge Jones hates me?"

"I—I think it is," the girl answered, a little confused.

"Has the Judge ever professed any love for you?" Talbot asked, guessing at the truth from the look upon the girl's face.

"Yes."

"I thought so!" Dick exclaimed. "And so told him that you could not care for him?"

"Yes," Jimmie again replied.

"And he guessed that you cared for somebody else—for me?"

"Yes; he said that he could guess who it was that backed me up in the Eldorado."

"He meant me, I suppose?"

"I felt sure that he did; it was real hard for me, I hadn't any idea that he cared any thing for me, and it took me by surprise."

"Now I understand why the Judge hates me," Talbot said, thoughtfully; "I am in his way, and he has tried his best to get me out of it. The Judge and I will have to have a settlement one of these days. I'm afraid, I've an idea that he's a pretty big scoundrel, in spite of his quiet, smooth way."

"I must go down and close up, Dick; where are you going to stop to-night?"

"Down at the shanty."

"No, I'll go down there; I came up on purpose to see you. I felt that we ought to have an understanding, and now my mind's easier; good-night."

A half-dozen warm kisses he pressed upon the willing lips, and then took his departure. As the two descended the stairs, they met Tendall, coming up, supported by Ginger Bill. Gains was under the influence of liquor as usual.

"How are you, Miss Jimmie?" Gains exclaimed, with a vain attempt to stand up without Bill's assistance, the consequence of which was that he nearly tumbled headlong down the stairway, carrying Bill with him.

"Look-a-here! you're a durned sight wuss'n a mule, you are, you drunken cuss, you!" Bill exclaimed, in anger. "How kin I hold you up, ef you're a-goin' to wabble round this way? You'll fall down an break that precious neck of yours, an' then we kin all jine in the funeral."

"I guess that somebody would be mighty glad if I broke my neck," Gains stammered, with a thickened tongue. "I reckon that somebody wouldn't 'pant out' to-morrow if I broke my neck to-night. Oh, no! I haven't a gold mine—haven't struck a 'lead'—don't know what 'pay dirt' is; not much you bet!"

By this time, Gains and Bill had reached the landing, and Talbot and Jimmie had entered the saloon below.

"What in thunder are you talking about, anyway?" asked Bill, steering Tendall through the entry.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know?" cried Gains, with a drunken laugh. "You're mighty cute, but I ain't to be pumped; I'm a regular sponge, I am. I know something that would surprise you, Bill. I'll make another strike to-morrow, or I'll know the reason why."

"Shut up, you mutton-head!" exclaimed Bill, indignantly; "you've got more gall than a she-woman!"

"Bill, I'll stand treat in the morning; I'll make you'll pay!" Gains cried.

"Jest you go to bed an' sleep off some of the tanglefoot you've got on board now, afore you talk about any more 'listing'." And Bill pushed open the door of Gains' room and placed the almost helpless man inside. There was a candle burning on the table. Bill tumbled Tendall over on the bed.

"Are you all right, old fess?" he asked.

"You bet! set 'em up!" ejaculated Gains, stretching himself out on the little bed.

"Guess I won't blow out the light; he may sober off enough git up an undress," Bill remarked, communing with himself.

Bill paused at the door to take a farewell look at his drunken friend. A few look of recklessness, dissipation had greatly changed Tendall.

"He's got whisky enough on board to run a small-sized grist-mill. Ef he keeps that seemed so sweet to her ears.

A long-drawn breath came from between her scarlet lips; her heart was too full for words.

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"Something written on the leaf?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Yes, something that I wrote there."

"What was it, Jimmie?"

In the saloon, Bill found young Rennet and Dandy Jim.

"How is our friend and backer now?" asked Rennet, referring to Gains.

"Drunk as a biled owl," replied Bill, tersely; "I've coralled him in bed, though, an' I pose he'll snooze the pison out of him. Talk 'bout h'isn't!" Why, he kin'is more tanglefoot than any other man of his inches in Spur City for rocks, now you bet!"

The two went out into the entry and closed the door carefully behind them. Rough, reckless men as they were, there was something terrible, even to them, in the cold, silent, blood-stained form of the murdered man.

As the two passed along the entry, they saw the glimmer of a light through the crack of a door.

"Say, I'll go with you; I wouldn't stay hyer alone for a heap of gold-dust!" Bill cried, quickly, and following Rennet as he went to swat at Dick coming into his shebang at eight o'clock.

"It war durned queer that Overland Kit should risk a ride right through the town, jist as another man was tired for being him, wan't it?" Bill said, thoughtfully.

"Well, now, boys, it lies jist hyer," Brown replied, mysteriously. "It's list as plain 'nough that the nose on your face, Missouri—an' anybody knows that's big an'

"Who's my antelope fur a little game of poker?" asked the man-from-Red-Dog, defiantly, drawing out his bag of gold-dust, as he spoke.

"I reckon I'll jine in the services," replied Bill.

"If you've got any more money than you know what to do with, I don't mind relieving you of some of it," observed Rennet.

"Oh, come fur me, now!" cried the Red-Dog, persuasively; "I'm your meat, I am!"

So, without more ado, the three sat down at a table; Dandy Jim produced the "payers," and they "went for" each other lively.

The game continued with varying fortune for an hour or so; then Rennet, growing tired, announced his intention of going to bed, much to the disgust of the man-from-Red-Dog.

"What sort of a cuss are you, anyway?" Jim exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone. "I reckon that when a gent sits down fur to play poker, it's a duty he owes to society to keep sot till he's b'ut."

"Well, if the cards keep on running as even as they have for the past hour we might play till doomsday and be neither poorer nor richer for it," Rennet answered.

"Jist as lie play till old Gabriel toots his how as not!" Jim exclaimed.

"You're as contrary as a mule!" Bill cried. "See hyer, I'm six bits ahead of the game, so I'll stand treat. We'll all take a nightcap and turn in. Nominate your p'son."

With a growl, Jim yielded to the wishes of the others, and consented to be "pisoned," as Bill expressed it. Then Jim bade the two "good-night," and left the saloon.

The Heathen Chinee was not in attendance as usual, but a sharp lad who acted as his assistant.

Renet and Bill proceeded up-stairs. A smile came over the face of the dead, stood in the doorway, and looked at the two intruders with staring eyes, and they gazed at her with speechless horror.

Jimmie was the first to recover her speech.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Tendall has been murdered!" Bill blurted out, never thinking what the effect of his words would be.

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The New Sea Romance

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE."In the coming issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we
give the opening chapters ofThe Ocean Girl;
THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE."

Old boys and young here have a literary treat.

A sea-rover's life—half smuggler, half buccaneer:—A boy of mysterious parentage, but brave as Nelson:

An Indian ship, with a precious living cargo:—An Admiral of the old heroic type:

The Admiral's daughter, beautiful and brave:—The smuggler Captain and his fearful game:

The smuggler crew, led by a detestable Yankee mate;

All are portrayed with that rare knowledge of the sea which only a true sailor can possess.

And the story, though one succession of startling situations and episodes of breathless moment, is rich in those elements of interest which spring from a brave boy's struggles against the fate bearing him on to a hateful destiny, and the love of a child-woman that is betrayed in heroic devotion.

The admirers of tales of the sea will look in vain for one more replete with what is captivating and stirring than this—another one of that series of star serials which has given the SATURDAY JOURNAL its position as

THE PEERLESS PAPER.

Our Arm-Chair.

Hard on the Poets.—A late number of the N. Y. Tribune thus discourses:

"We have been a good deal amused by the offer of a Georgia newspaper editor, who announces that he will publish 'original poetry' at the low rate of \$9 per line." To comprehend the desperation of this journalist one must have been a journalist himself, receiving daily scores of copies of the "Georgia Journal," has, were they good, no room in his columns, while most of them are so feebly bad that they are not even entertaining. In the present state of the Arts Poetica, let it, once for all, be understood that smooth versification is no proof of genius; and every rhymester should ask himself this question: 'If I do not publish this "poem" what effect will it suppression have upon the age and the world?"

This may seem a little hard on the poets; but, really it is not overshooting the target. We have a cloud of rhymers, but a great scarcity of true poets—plenty of smooth versification and well-turned lines, but a great sparsity of original conception or force of feeling.

Very True.—A correspondent, who is a very close reader and sharp observer, says:

"Overland Kit" is the best story of its kind I ever read; the characters are so naturally drawn, and "the man from Red Dog" a capital success—an original, in fact, which will find many imitators.

Of course it will. Like Bret Harte and John Hay, Mr. Aiken has created a new school of literature, so fresh, so strong, quaint, and purely American, that it must make a lasting mark. We greatly rejoice over Mr. Aiken's success, because he wrote for years without any correct appreciation of his merits by editors, leaving it for the SATURDAY JOURNAL to do what had been too long left undone—to stamp him as an author of peculiar and rare excellence. In his experience, Mr. Aiken only parallels the experience of Bret Harte, who wrote for years without any special recognition, and during these years produced some of his best thoughts.

Base Coin.—That the Sunday papers, and those appealing to a corrupt taste, do not have a monopoly of the market for prudent literature, has been made painfully evident by the recent competition between two "respectable" publishing firms, in the publication of a highly-offensive English novel. Had an American author offered either of these publishers such a romance, he would have been sent from the editor's presence with a very big "bug in his ear" and the only warrant the publishers have, in reproducing the tainted volume, appears to be in the fact that it is an English author's work.

How the press of the country regard this enterprise of the publishers named, may be inferred from this, one of numerous like notices which have been made of the republication. Says the New York Sun, under the caption of "A Disgraceful Book":

"M'Fay (the firms named) share with them the disgrace of republishing the most indecent book that has lately been issued from the press. These rascals have been engaged in a scramble, it has been seen, for the infamy of being the foremost in the work of debauching the public morals. Such a contest of indecency waged by such contestants should excite only amazement and indignation; amazement that publishing houses whose names are associated with so much that is evil and baseless, should, for the sake of money, consent to this depravity; and indignation that, under the passport of their reputation, so insidious and corrupting a book should find its way into a hundred thousand households."

Haec fabula docet, as the pedagogues say, that those seeking for what is best and most pure in our romance literature will find it in the great popular weeklies, of which the

SATURDAY JOURNAL is a type. If the romance referred to had been offered to us, we would not have dared to outrage our reading public by accepting a manuscript (even though it was sandwiched with the bribe of a small fortune in prospect) whose only proper and fit receptacle was the "Day's Doings"—wherein the romance has serially reappeared.

OUR BLOATED ARISTOCRACY.

EVERY once in a while we take up a newspaper and read an article in regard to the "bloated aristocracy" of our country. The article rings the changes on "grasping monopolies"—"the downtrodden poor"—"the crushed-into-the-dust mechanic," calls for a "new deal," in fact, proposes to rob Peter to pay Paul.

Now, we confess we always had an idea that the great republic, known to the world as the United States, was a pretty good sort of a place for the laboring man, whether skilled or unskilled—in fact, had an idea that the man who worked for his bread with his hands stood a better chance to earn a decent, comfortable living here than in any other part of the known world.

But, on perusing the article referred to above, we come to the conclusion that, if it be correct, nine-tenths of the people of the United States are worked to death—made slaves of—for the benefit of the other one-tenth.

We read of the "white slaves of New England" toiling ten hours a day for the benefit of selfish corporations.

We suppose the indignant writer who arms his nimble pen with Jove's thunderbolts, alludes to the mill girls. We are sure that the aforesaid young ladies would feel very badly if they only knew what a terribly hard time they have of it; but they don't seem to be conscious of the fact. They earn from six to nine dollars per week—some skillful hands quite a little increase on the latter sum; pay three to four for board, and have the rest to themselves. And if an ignorant foreigner wants to see a bevy of healthy, buxom girls, smart as steel-traps, and well read in current literature, let him visit any of our New England factory villages, from green-hilled Claremont, in New Hampshire, to quiet, sober Lowell, by the dashing Merrimac.

Who are the bloated aristocracy?

We'll try to answer the question.

Vanderbilt, Stewart, Astor.

These three names occur first to us, as representing, perhaps, the three richest men among us.

How did they make their money?

Vanderbilt was a boatman on Staten Island, made his first money by hard manual labor, then increased it by successful steamboat and railroad speculations.

Stewart, a storekeeper, first in a very small way indeed, but by hard work, using both hands and brains, increased his capital little by little, till he counts his wealth by millions.

Astor, the father, by trading for furs with the Indians; a steady, plodding business man, who accumulated his money, dollar by dollar. The sons, inheriting the father's property and business habits, by investing in real estate and working ten hours a day, steadily.

How is it that the wealth of the Astors is so enormous?

These three great monied men of our "bloated aristocracy" made their money by downright hard work; using their hands as well as their brains.

But, this is all wrong according to the newspaper writer previously referred to. These men had no business to make so much money. It is a crime; they wrong their fellow-citizens by building up great business enterprises, giving employment to thousands.

These three great monied men of our "bloated aristocracy" made their money by downright hard work; using their hands as well as their brains.

The young misses showed themselves to be masters of these beautiful studies and acquitted themselves admirably.

I will give the exercises of the first class in Economical, Abstruse and General Science, and Every thing else in Particular.

What is true Heroism?

Wearing a No. 3 gauntlet on a No. 5 foot with nothing but smiles on the face.

In what do you perceive the workings of Providence?

In the removal of pimples from the face without leaving scars; in the preservation of pretty teeth; in the gift of small waists and parasols that won't fade.

Define solitude.

Solitude consists in having only three parties a week.

Of what does true happiness consist?

In having a good dressmaker.

What is Life?

Going down-street in full dress and looking at yourself in the shop-windows.

What is true Genius?

The art of getting up a new style.

What should all good women desire to leave behind them?

What is true Life?

What is true Genius?

What is true Genius?

What is wisdom?

The art of making just such a selection as aforesaid.

What is the whole duty of woman?

To dress and live so that she has the admiration of all men and the envy of all other women.

What does true refinement consist of?

Of having five or six ardent suitors on hand at once and making each one continually jealous of the other.

What is the duty of man?

To love the women and buy opera tickets.

What is true joy?

Reading the last new novel.

What is misery?

Being called to the parlor and having to leave the hero of the last novel in deadly encounter with his rival without knowing how it is going to end.

All of hard words, which are the hardest for young ladies to say?

Yes and no.

What are some of the vanities of life?

A matter-of-fact father, low-heeled shoes, brooms, colors not suited to your complexion, an old-fashioned mother, getting up before breakfast, too much modesty, a big brother, a maiden aunt and a paw at the off-side of the church.

I was truly glad to see that French was taught here in the most lavish manner, for if there is any thing better fitted to assist a young lady in the duties of life, more calculated to prepare them for the stations of wives of husbands, mistresses of households, and mothers of children, I would like to know where on the face of the earth you will find it. But, if it is of no account for that, what incalculable value is it to use a word or two of the language now and then, and utterly confound a circle of medu-

around doing these actions just for the sake of a reward.

If you hadn't refused to give your tenants more air and cleaner accommodations, that fever might not have emanated from that quarter and spread abroad, until it attacked your own threshold. When you have followed one by one of your family to the grave, it will be too late to cry, "it might have been prevented."

If you hadn't heaped up your riches and turned a deaf ear to the supplications of the poor and needy, your life might have been a happier one. It might have been blessed with the widow's thanks, and the orphan's gratitude.

If you hadn't refused to take a paper, you wouldn't have fallen into the hands of the sharpers, and been fleeced of your hard-earned savings. It might have been money in your pocket-book, and not a box of sawdust thrust upon your bridge. Do not be in such a hurry to get suddenly rich. If you want wealth, why don't you work for it?

If you hadn't shown so little of a mother's love for your children, and had made their home more attractive than the haunts of dissipation, the fireside more pleasant than the sidewalk, it might have been a far different life they would have led. You wouldn't be always kept in such an agony, for fear of hearing some evil they had committed.

If you hadn't been so careless of your health, and thought more of future comfort and less of present appearance, it might have been the saving of a very heavy doctor's bill.

If you hadn't been so eager to get on shore, before the ferry-boat landed, it might have been better for your clothes, and saved you from an involuntary bath.

If any one finds this applicable to themselves, I'm sure I've no objection to their making an alteration in their conduct. You'd better start it on now. You know, "delays are dangerous," and that,

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, 't might have been."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Modern Fashionable Finishing-off School.

I PAID a visit lately to the Finishing-off School of Madame Hifa Lutin, and was very well pleased with the workings of that renowned establishment. It is devoted entirely to the education of our daughters, and I am glad to see that nothing is left undone to fit young ladies for the great battle of life, which, thanks to the genius of Madame H. is reduced to a mere skirmish.

I was pleased to hear the recitations of several classes, and they won my enthusiastic admiration, especially those that recited from the following text-books: Manual of Breach of Promise; Philosophy of Bringing a Fellow to Your Feet; Shorter Course of Matrimony; Elements of Divorces; Flirtation Made Easy; Ready Methods of Improving Delinquent Anatomy; Gravitation of Attraction; Science of Getting Rid of Old Beaux; Cosmogony of Cosmetics; Guide to Young Misses Just Coming Out; Ditto to Young Ladies Just Going In, etc.

The young misses showed themselves to be masters of these beautiful studies and acquitted themselves admirably.

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THE OLD MAID'S WARNING.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Ah, well! it was many a year ago,
When life's young dreams were all aglow,
My eyes were bright, my voice was low,
And my step had all its fleetness;

The world was new to me, and I had

When the golden summer dawned and fled,

Which saw my happy hopes lie dead,

And life lose all its sweetness.

"Twas in the heart of leafy June,
When brooks and birds were all in tune,
And e'en the long days passed too soon,
(Youth is so joyous a state!)

When I first took new leave of his books,

And left the city's dusty looks,

For the cool, green lanes and quiet nooks

Of our cottage by the river.

Now, I knew little of city ways,

From two or three popinjays

Who used to come down to neighbor Gray's

And spend the summer vacation;

But Dick was another sort of man,

Honest and true on God's own plan,

And some one says that an honest man

Is the noblest work of creation.

And so, as soon as I found him out,

If you're good at guessing I have no doubt

You know already what came about—

Only old Dick's still a bachelor,

Our willing lips soon learned to tell

The thoughts our hearts could feel so well,

And o'er our lives there beamed and fell

The light of Love's own glory.

Ah, well! the sweet days glided past,

(When we are happy they go so fast!)

With a shadow—until at last,

The student's heart did shrink o'er us;

Only a foolish, careless word,

The same old tale, so often heard,

But the wicked spirit of pride was stirred,

And the way was rough before us.

I was stubborn and Dick was proud—

Both were angry, and so we vowed

Never to yield to the sad, dark cloud

Sistered o'er us all to-morrow.

After-repentance was all in vain,

Dick and I never met again

And I have carried a ceaseless pain—

A never-ending sorrow.

Ah, well! it was many a year ago,

I seldom mention it now, dear; and so

But you wanted to hear it, dear, and so

Now I have told my story,

If I have deserved a good bride,

I might have been a happy bride,

And walked through life by Richard's side,

His love its crowning glory.

Oh, glad young hearts who love so well,

Oh, bright young lips who fondly tell

The fond rest thoughts that ever fell

Floating together on true Love's tide,

More than all other foes beside,

Beware of the demons of Wrath and Pride,

Remember the Old Maid's Warning!

In the Wilderness.

I.—THE MESS.

A WAGON was procured at an out of the way village to take the adventurers in the north woods to the house of the guide, and at two o'clock that afternoon they were on their march through the woods with the guide at their head, threading his way through the intricate paths with all the ease and grace of the old forest ranger. None but they who have tasted such life as this, to whom the green leaves, the sparkling water, and the songs of birds are glories, can understand the rapture with which these disenthralled men drank in every sight and sound.

Each man carried a load, which, under any other circumstances, he would have regarded as enough for a horse, but they stood up under it like heroes for three mortal hours, until a break in the vista of green leaves could be seen, and they came out into a leaf-enclosed glade, covered by a soft green carpet, upon which the panting travelers gladly threw off their packs and sat down to rest and refresh themselves after the walk. It was a glorious place for a midday lunch, an oasis in the bosom of the great forest. There was wind enough to send a strange, tremulous, uncertain murmur through the tree-tops, and the birds seemed mad with joy.

Hark! That is the quail. Hear him! The dog at the feet of Viator starts up, with his nose advanced, as if he sniffed the battle afar off and longed to be in it. A little cocker spaniel, which had been beating the bushes, sent up four whirring partridges, while a mother bird, with ruffed crest and angry look, boldly opposed the dog, and her little chicks ran peeping into cover. There was a glimpse of little yellow birds for a moment, and then they were gone, and the mother bird disappeared as if by magic. She had done her duty, had protected her young, and now looked out for number one.

"Come in, Jack," cried the owner of the cocker, and the brown spaniel came obediently to his master, and lay at his feet, winking his eyes lazily, but on the alert for a game of play with the pointer, who was too lazy to join him.

Now for lunch. A great stone in the center of the glade made a convenient table, and upon this the feast was spread, in regular masculine disorder. A knuckle of cold ham jostled a long-necked bottle, with a suggestive cold seal. Cold chicken, fried fish, butter, cold eggs, pickles, chowchow, cakes and the like were strewn about the rock wherever the last man dropped them. Pocket-knives and fingers are brought into requisition, and the food disappears like chaff before the wind. When the solids are disposed of, something like that remarkable vessel which Maurice Quill called a "horn convivancy, holding just a pint, nice measure," began to go the rounds, and they drank of the cup which cheers but does not inebriate. If you ask me what I mean, I say the wine before which all the famed wines of the East, the Clicquot, the Johnniesberg, and Seville vintages must give way—the Catawba—clear and bright, bearing the life of the grape without the poison, which kills both soul and body. If Longfellow could sing the praises of this rare vintage, why not I?

As the laugh and jest go round, let us look at the faces about the stone. First of all, the guide, rare old Ben Townsend—a long, lank, withered Yankee—a man who has made the woods his home since he first learned to walk. The trees had swayed with his cradle and the birds had sung his lullaby long years ago. He had gone on from childhood to age, leading a strangely chequered life, happy in his simple cabin, and the love of the border woman he had chosen to share his fate long ago. It was choice, not necessity, which made old Ben a hunter and guide. He could not have lived in cities. The air would have stifled him, the confusion driven him mad. He tried it once, and got as far as Albany. Stopping at the corner of the Deleyan, near State street, he had taken one glimpse of the crush of vehicles, the hurrying crowd, and the great blocks towering toward the sky, and, shouldering his knapsack, he marched back to his forest home, which he had never left since, and would never leave

again. No student of nature, except Audubon perhaps, took greater delight in the varying sights and sounds of the forest. Simple as a child, knowing nothing of the outside world and its wiles, he is withal possessed of a native humor which nothing could suppress, and a beaming look upon his hard old face, which made it almost comely. Rare old hunter, best of guides, cheeriest of story-tellers by the evening camp-fire, we have loved thee well, and long for the time when we can again follow your lead through the tangled mazes of the woods.

Next in order sat a man of middle size, compactly built, with a frank, open, manly face, an oriental beard, and the most winning eye given to man. Next to old Ben, he was the leading man of the party, and was well posted in the ways of the woods. Who like him could cast a fly in a way to entice the speckled denizens of the pool from their home beneath the water? Who could strike the deer upon the leap, or sight a woodcock quickset on the wing? And who, when the day's sport was over, and the camp-fire gleamed, could troll the jolliest catch or wake the echoes with the strains of his enchanted fiddle, as if, like Orpheus, he would charm another lost one from the realms below? None so well as Harry Viator, the leader of the Pilgrim band.

Next in order was a tall young man, with the pale look, and the dimmed eyes of the student—a man with the face of a saint, but who, underneath his mild exterior, had the courage of a lion in the cause which he followed. In the after days, when he heard of him it will be as doing his Master's work successfully and well. This is Robert Spencer, a Divinity student from the Wesleyan college at —, who has been tempted by the irresistible Viator to try the woods, in his vacation, and here he is, and his eye looks brighter already, as he drinks in nonchalant ease.

Every party has its foil, and this party could not be the exception. The man next to Spencer was one who had grown too fast, and in the wrong direction. He looked like "the afternoon shadow of somebody else." Thin? That does not half express it. Think of this ghostly figure with pipe-stem legs clothed in very tight breeches, and you have an idea at once that he is not exactly the person for a long tramp in the woods. Ben had looked him over with a snort of disapproval, and told Viator in confidence that he looked "a weedy sort of critter, and he didn't advertise to kearny him safe through

"I don't—"

"Yes, you do, too. Take another look.

How many times have you sworn that you

wore my image imprinted upon your heart?

You haven't forgotten Jack Kiley—your

"My God! it is—but no; he is dead!"

"Who are—" began one of the ladies,

and another policeman barred the way,

having been stationed at the door in case of

some such occurrence.

"Best take it cool, my covey!" muttered

Hughes, but then, with an angry yell, Kiley

plunged his knife into the glad's breast.

With a shrill cry, the ill-fated man fell

death-stricken, but ere the murderer could

fee through the door, the wounded police-

man drew his revolver and fired. Kiley

fell without a groan, dead ere his body

touched the floor.

"Take him, Hughes!" cried the sergeant,

and another policeman barred the way,

having been stationed at the door in case of

some such occurrence.

"It's a foine lot of haye ye have, miss."

Lily looked up haughtily; then answered:

"Don't touch it."

"Sure and I'll not, thin; and is it sick ye

ye look so thin and spare-loike, and so

pale and had, that ye breaks me harret when

I reminds me of poor Dilly who died o' the

consumption."

"No, I am not sick. Mother, where

under the sun did you put my rouge.

I don't see it in this drawer. I wish to

gracious you'd let my things alone! I do de-

clare if here isn't my carnation saucer

cracked into a dozen pieces! I'd like to

break Tom's head; he's done it!"

Mrs. Vernon looked appealingly up, then

glanced warily at the two Irish people.

"What do I care?" returned Lily, in an

audible undertone. "I hate Irish, and I'll

bet when I take the reins of Gus Walton's

establishment I'll make them Irish Biddies!"

"When did you say I'd find my rouge,

and the clean stockings?"

"Up-stairs; but the stockings are not

mended yet, Lily; and so long as we owe

that bill for dry goods at Collier's, I don't

see where any new ones are to come from."

"Bother the bill. As I don't have to

dress well, I intend my husband to pay

that when I'm Mrs. W. Give me those

stockings. The holes won't show. I'm only

going up to Annie Walton's a little while,

for Gus to take me out walking."

Mrs. Vernon handed her a pair of hose

whose toes were entirely gone; but Lily

took them, and then gathered up her pink

paints, her curlers, and a not particularly tidy

brush and comb, and disappeared in the

next room.

"And it's not hirin' me ye'll be doin',

miss?"

"I rather think not. You might go

across the street; but the lady over there is

looking for help."

And then they went away; not "across

the street," but straight up to the stately

front entrance of the Emersons, and into

the parlor.

"Well," said Phil, springing from his

chair, "what luck? Here, Grace, let me

help you off with this horrible disguise.

Gus, are you convinced? or didn't fortune

favor you?"

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thick club, on each of their heads, felled them to the pavement.

Henry's gag was removed from his mouth and his hands untied.

"I'll bet the rogues know that an Irishman's muscle was made to be used. Faith, as Barney Williams says in 'Shandy Maguire,' cried a well-known voice:

"We may be duped, we won't be dared,

"But if we fit to practice that is plain doubt,

"But if the fact of home be lost,

"It shan't be by an Irishman."

"Why, Pat, how can you here?"

"I came to look for work."

"What is this street?"

"No; I mane in York city?"

"Have you been lucky?"

"No; I mane in York city?"

"What is this street?"

"No; I mane in York city?"

"Well, she is here."

"What do you mane?"

Then, as they walked along together, Henry told his friend the whole story, and Pat let a little light upon the dark subject, and told about Murker's reading the letter at the old hut.

They were met at the door of the boarding-house by Mrs. Smart. She drew back in astonishment and exclaimed:

"Good gracious! You! In the land of the living!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Henry in surprise.

"A man came here this evening and said you had met with an accident at the circus. Jessie was so frightened that she put on her things to seek you."

"Jessie gone?"

"Yes. Didn't she find you at the circus?"

"No. There has been more treachery practised here. Is that poor girl never to have rest! Where in this mighty city can I search for her?"

"Ay! Where could he look? Have not people been missing in the great metropolis for years, and yet never discovered?" May not their bones be bleaching not far from where you now stand? The streets and alleys of New York could tell many a tale of wrong and suffering, misery and crime.

Henry was uneasy. He wanted to be doing something to trace out the lost girl, but it seemed so hopeless a task, that he was almost persuaded to abandon it.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Murker's disposition would allow himself to be baffled by a girl. He rightly conjectured that, as she had run away, she would immediately seek Henry. Of course he was well aware where Henry was, and thither he bent his footsteps.

He soon found out all he desired, and he knew that nothing short of danger to Henry would draw her from the house. His *ruse* succeeded, and the girl fell readily into the trap laid for her. The carriage, into which she was pushed, proceeded on its way at a rapid pace, and it was not until it had stopped at a low and miserable dwelling, that she was aware of her danger.

"You may scream, and kick to your heart's content. This house is a long way from any other, and you'll waste your breath in trying to make others hear you."

Jessie drew away from her persecutor.

She could see no chance of escape.

"Well, and what have you to say for yourself?" asked the man.

"Only this," answered Jessie; "I am a weak girl, thrown in your power. What I have done that you should treat me so I can not tell. Who are you?"

The man lit a match, and by its light revealed his features. It was no one she had ever seen. He lit a lamp, and, after placing some provisions before her, left her presence. When he was gone she tried doors and windows, but all were heavily bolted, and barred. She threw herself on the outside of the bed, and wept herself to sleep.

When Henry had once fully determined to pursue the search for Jessie, despite the seeming hopelessness thereof, he threw himself into the work with all the ardor of his generous and impulsive nature.

Every hour, when not engaged in the ring, was devoted to the search, and the great city was ransacked from one end to the other by the persevering lover.

In many of these wearisome jaunts, Henry was accompanied by Pat Doley, whose ready tongue and keen wit, not only opened the way many times, but saved them both, on more than one occasion, from assault, and perhaps murder.

When Henry was engaged at the circus, Pat would frequently pursue the search alone, or rather he would, while traversing the city in the capacity of rag and bottle gatherer, his only employment, constantly on the watch for some indication of the poor girl's whereabouts.

One day, while slowly traversing a lonely street in a distant part of the city, sounding his monotonous cry of "Any old rags for to sell!" he chance to stop in front of an old, dingy-looking house, and, without knowing why, began inspecting its front, examining each closely-shuttered window in turn.

"Whist! What the blazes was that?"

A slight noise from above attracted the Irish lad's attention, and running his eyes quickly over the several windows, he fancied he saw the outlines of a figure behind one.

"Is that you, Pat?" asked a voice from behind the shutter.

"Yes, it's me, Pat! But who the— Oh! murdher! but I do believe it's the girl herself. Miss Jessie!" he called, raising himself on tip-toe and gazing eagerly upward.

"If it's yourself, plase speake, an' be Saint Patrick but I'll have the ould shanty down!"

"Yes, Pat, it is I. I am a prisoner here. Convey the intelligence to Henry, that he may come and— But the voice suddenly ceased, and the figure disappeared from the window.

"And it's there ye are, bless ye purty face! Be the powers but it's Pat Doley that'll take ye out of that, and be hanged to the murdher's blaeckguard, ould Murker!" And Pat forthwith began casting about for means of access to the house.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 76.)

Sporting Scenes.

V.

DAVY CROCKETT'S BEAR HUNT.

In the autumn of 1825, Col. Crockett commenced business in the vicinity of a lake, some twenty miles from his home. A number of hands were employed in building two boats and getting out staves for the market. To provide meat for his family, during his absence, he killed a number of bears and salted them down, which afforded a plentiful supply to the family larder. Then he took his dogs, and with a friend, started on a hunt "for sport." They were gone two weeks, during which they killed fifteen bears. Upon his return, he engaged himself for a time with his men in getting out staves, until he "couldn't stand it any longer;" when, in company with one of his boys, he departed on another hunt, near a small lake.

The first evening, he shot three of the monsters, and, in the morning, erected a scaffold, upon which the meat was placed so as to be beyond the reach of wolves. Here, Crockett states, he was visited by a company of hunters with fourteen dogs, all of which were so lean that when one barked he was compelled to lean against a tree to summon the necessary strength!

While hunting, they came upon a poor fellow, employed in draining the ground, and the very picture of misery and poverty he was. He told Crockett that he was toiling there to earn food for his family. The generous hunter offered to furnish him with all the bear-meat he could need, if he would lend his helping hand. In the course of the day four large bears were brought down, all of which were presented to the poor man; and, by the time a week was ended, they had slain seventeen. Crockett met the same man a year after, and was told by him that he still had a large quantity of the bear-meat on hand! He received a "lift" from the gallant hunter which was never forgotten.

Crockett reached home about Christmas, when one of his neighbors, who was out of meat, asked the hunter to join him in another hunt. David had tasted enough of "the sport" to satisfy him for a while; but, to oblige the man, he consented to another "tramp," though warning his friend that it was so late in the season the bears had, in all probability, gone into winter-quarters.*

Toward the close of the day, Crockett's dogs came upon bear in a thick cane-brake, where he had housed himself for the winter. Being thus unceremoniously disturbed, the bear aroused himself to come out. The two hunters came up. Crockett stepped aside for his friend to shoot, as he had expressed a great desire to do. The latter stepped bravely forward, and steadying his nerves, fired, killing the bear on the spot.

The next morning, they continued the hunt between the Obion and Redfoot lakes. They had gone but a few miles, when Crockett's keen eye detected a hole in a large black oak, which wore a suspicious look. Approaching closer, he saw that a bear had ascended the tree, but had not come down. This was told by examining the marks of his claws. In going up, his nails never slip or scratch; but, in coming down, they tear the bark and disfigure it greatly.

Crockett and his friend commenced cutting a smaller tree to fall against the oak, so that they might reach the bear, when the dogs, by loud and clamorous barking, announced that they had treed another of the brutes. Leaving the one in the oak for a moment, the two hunters made their way to the dogs, where, as expected, they found one of the "imps" up a tree.

Crockett's friend again asked permission to shoot. The old hunter gave consent with reluctance, as he was a most uncommon brute in size. The man's aim, however, was fatal, and the great fellow came tumbling headlong to the earth. Crockett now noticed that one of his best dogs was absent; so, leaving his companion to butcher the bear, he ascended a high hill to listen for him. He soon heard his faint barking away in the distance, and, calling the other dogs, started for the spot. When he reached his dog, his eyes were greeted by another bear, seated on a limb above him. Crockett brought him down, and returned to his friend.

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Fortune seemed to have changed in our favor from the very day we made the move, and it was her last remarkable stroke in our behalf that I propose telling here.

A week after starting on our tramp, we discovered plenty of "sign" in a little secluded valley that lay just at the foot of a high and rugged part of the chain, and here we pitched camp, and early on the following morning went to work.

In the course of the next two or three weeks we had struck several rich "pockets" that yielded beyond our wildest hopes, and there still remained a prospect of discovering as many more if we kept diligently at work, and were not disturbed.

But in this last respect we were not so lucky as we had been in others.

One morning, on coming out of our tent, we were surprised by seeing no less than three other shanties perched upon the slope just below our own. They had come during the night, and silently put up the shanties, much to our disgust.

However, there was no help for it, and so we waited somewhat impatiently for the new-comers to put in appearance, as we naturally desired to see what sort of companions we were destined to have. And just here, I would remark, that it is perfectly wonderful how these fellows will find out a place where another man has struck a good thing.

I am certain that we were not observed in coming to the spot, nor had we been watched while at work, and hence none knew whether we had been successful or not; but, nevertheless, no sooner had we demonstrated the fact that there was plenty of gold in and about the valley, than here they come, having scented the treasure as values do their prey.

We were not kept long in suspense, but we were most dismally surprised, for a more villainous-looking trio of scoundrels than the men who now approached, I never saw, and certainly don't wish to see again. There was no mistaking their character. They were the very worst sort even amid so many that were very devilish for all that was murderous, wicked and mean.

Leaving his son in the camp, Crockett and his friend started on a hunt, in the morning, in a different direction. The ground over which they traveled was crossed by vast ravines or rents, made by what might be termed a *local earthquake*. This rendered their progress exceedingly slow, and, finally, compelled them to quit their horses and go on a-foot. They had gone but a short distance, when they met a bear coming directly toward them. Crockett set his dogs after the game, and let his friend continue the pursuit, while he himself took a different direction, where he himself took several others of his dogs creating a great clamor.

He soon saw the tracks of what he knew was a "screamer," and, ere long, came upon him seated upon a stump twenty feet high, where he was leisurely surveying the impudent efforts of the dogs to bring him down. Crockett instantly raised his gun and fired; but was so nervous from the excitement and fatigue of the chase, that he missed his deadly aim and only broke the animal's shoulder. It brought him to the ground, however, when another shot finished him. Crockett was soon joined by his friend, the bears were skinned and "fleeced" of their fat—the horses brought up and loaded, and a start made for the camp.

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(To be continued—Commenced in No. 76.)

his horse, he started on a run after them, pitching over logs, dropping into the rents in the earth—now and then venting his fury in his peculiarly expressive language, as he received a fall more severe than usual. It was getting dark, but he pressed on, wading through a large creek, and striking into the thick cane upon the opposite side.

It was not until after a great deal of difficulty that he came upon the dogs, which he found had treed a bear in a large, forced poplar, the brute ensconcing himself directly in the fork. It was so dark that Crockett could only distinguish a dark mass, and he fired as best he could. The bear, instead of coming down, went up higher, and crawled out upon a large limb. Here his dark body was brought in relief against the sky, and the hunter fired with more certainty, the animal dropping down among the dogs and commencing a terrible fight with them. Crockett believed the bear would attack him, and accordingly drew his knife and stood at bay. At his feet the combatants were rolling on the ground fighting with deadly fury, while now and then he would catch a glimpse of his white dog only, the rest blinding with and seeming a part of the dark, struggling mass.

At last they all rolled into one of the yawns spoken of, and the bear bit and tore his assailants most savagely. Crockett, with the protracted struggle, drew knife and sprung down among the combatants. It was a fearful place for a man to be in, but it suited Crockett's taste, as he afterward said. The bear was seized by the head, and the merriment knife did its work.

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TWENTY MINUTES FOR DINNER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Twenty minutes here for dinner!
What a joyful piece of news,
To a faint and famished sinner
Who can not the call refuse.

Never mind our toiletts, hurry!
Faces black with dust and smoke—
No time here to stop and worry,
But how slow those people poke!

Hurry out for mercy's sake, there;
Jammed in getting out the door;
Don't stamp for a mortal week there,
Time is half-way up or more!

What a scramble for the table!
What a tumbling over chairs!
What a noisy babbie Babel!
No time here to stop and wait.

Jing, what little bit of room here,
Squeezed as in a vice's clutch,
One would meet his mortal doom here,
Not much space to fill up much.

Here, my friend, if you'd eat faster
You'd not be eating at all;
There, some one has wrecked the castor,
Nothing in it, loss is small.

When your meat is on your fork so,
You can't get it to your chops,
Neighbors do their elbows work so,
Punch you once and down it drops.

Everybody in a bluster,
Crying, "Waiter," till ears ache.
Gentleman in linen duster
Stuffing pockets full of cake.

Do not scrong so if you please, sir,
With the butter on your sleeve!

There's my coffee on my knees, sir!
Train is just a-going to leave.

In a jiffy off we scamper,
And into the cars we pounce.
False alarm, oh, what a dander,
Train won't start for half an hour!

Mercy on me, what a pity,
 Didn't hardly eat a bit!
Here, boy, stand me up that kitty
I will have my dinner yet!

The Pirate's Prize.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

In 18—, Louisa Brainard, a beautiful young girl of twenty, accompanied her father—a wealthy New York merchant—to Cuba, where Mr. Brainard had to see an agent on business.

William Benson, a United States naval officer, on furlough, and who was the accepted lover of Miss Brainard, went with them.

The two lovers were well matched, he being tall and dark, while she was fair and petite.

It was a pleasing sight to see them together on the passage, conversing on subjects with which their thoughts and feelings harmonized. At such times, the deep, soft glances of Louisa's eyes, her low voice, her blushing cheek and coy manner, so charming in a young woman, told of her deep love for the lieutenant; while his look of admiration and tenderness, when his eagle eyes were turned down upon her sweet face, betokened how his whole soul was bound up in her.

At Cuba, Mr. Brainard meeting a clergyman friend of his, it was decided that the young couple should there be made man and wife.

The preparations were soon completed, and, in a few days, the twain were to be united.

One day, a rough-looking sailor passed the piazza of the mansion where Mr. Brainard and his daughter were staying. The young girl, at the time, was on the piazza, inhaling the delightful breeze from the sea.

She noticed that the man walked slowly, looking haggard and worn. His garb was nearly threadbare, and his shoes were sadly dispirited. He had the appearance of one who had traveled far, and was both tired and hungry.

Several times he glanced wistfully back at the mansion; then retracing his steps, took off his cap and bowed humbly to Louisa.

"Madam," said he, "could you give me something to eat? I am hungry and have no money."

Louisa's womanly sympathies were at once aroused. She spoke to the servants, and soon the man was enjoying a good dinner. He took his leave, looking happy. Louisa sent one of the servants after him to give him some money. The sailor seemed very grateful; he bowed to the young girl and kept on his way.

On the evening before the wedding, Louisa could not be found. Search was vainly made for her in all directions. One of the servants had seen her in the garden an hour before she was missed; this was all the clue that could be obtained.

The father was almost distracted, while it seemed as if young Benson would go mad.

The servant told the story of the sailor, who had been so kindly treated.

Then Benson turned deadly pale.

"There are many pirates about the islands," said he; "I shouldn't wonder if that fellow was in league with them. They have, doubtless, taken her, thinking a large reward will be offered for her recovery. I can account for her absence in no other way."

Mr. Brainard was also of this opinion. He offered a large reward, but the missing girl was not returned.

As weeks and months passed away, the white hairs grew thicker among the locks of the bereaved father. Now wholly unfit for business, he could do nothing but speak of his lost child. As to Benson, he was a changed man. A gloom had settled on his handsome face; his great sorrow haunted him everywhere; and he who had never before wept, would, when alone, shed tears for his lost bride. No longer the light jest, the merry laugh when among his companions. Joy seemed buried forevermore in his heart, and his deep, hollow eyes shunned the scenes of mirth.

At last, Mr. Brainard found a letter in his garden, signed "JAMES BAIRD."

This Baird had been a low fellow—a brutal sea-captain, who had wanted Louisa for his wife. She had refused him; he had gone off, and Mr. Brainard had heard nothing of him until now.

"Your daughter was taken off by me to my vessel. She escaped in a boat with two of my men. Next day, I found the boat, turned bottom up. There is every reason to believe your child perished. She was foolish, as I would have made her my wife." JAMES BAIRD."

Beneath this signature were a rudely drawn skull and cross-bones.

Mr. Brainard understood it. Baird had turned pirate. He informed the authorities; but pirates were not uncommon in those days. The islands were full of them; no

thing could be done till a fleet of war-ships should be sent out against them. As his daughter had not come back to him, however, Brainard felt a conviction that the rascal had spoken the truth—that his child had been drowned.

This terrible news overwhelmed father and lover with anguish.

Benson was obliged to return to his ship. His brother officers looked at the man in astonishment: he was a skeleton of his former self, and appeared ten years older.

One circumstance, however, afforded the grief-stricken lover a thrill of savage joy. His ship, one of Admiral Porter's squadron, was to be sent out against the pirates.

She sailed. A nest of pirates was attacked. Among them was James Baird, whom the lieutenant had seen several times in New York. He threw himself upon the fellow, and a desperate combat ensued, which was soon ended by Benson's driving his sword to the hilt through the man's body.

He fell, but a faint smile of exultation lighted his face.

"You will never get Louisa," he gasped. "I did not tell the whole in my letter. I found her dead body washed ashore, after I sent that letter."

With this he died.

The rest of the pirates soon were defeated.

Others were attacked, a few days after, and many made prisoners. Among them was the identical sailor whom Louisa had befriended. He had received a gun-shot wound in the abdomen, and was near death's door, when, seeing Lieutenant Benson, he beckoned him to his cot.

"Something to tell 'bout that lost one, do you see?" he gasped. "I saw you at the mansion, when I was eating my dinner there, and the servants told me all about how you were goin' to marry her!" he interrupted the lieutenant, fairly mounting on his bed in his excitement.

"Well," gasped the man, "you see I had run away from a merchant ship. I could get nothing to do, and Captain Baird, the pirate, fell in with me and tempted me, and in an ev'ning hour, God forgive me, I joined his band of cut-throats!"

"Soon after, a girl was brought off to our craft. It was the same who had helped me, and I made up my mind to save her. He wanted her to marry him, but I indignantly refused. He looked her in the cabin. At night I got the key of the door, and

she was a-screchin' for me to let her out. I could see 'em a-peacock with a new tail. She'd had a lot of trouble raisin' 'em. What with the minks an' murrats an' weasels cuttin' the young un's wind-pipes, an' the wild turkeys a-coaxin' 'em off to the woods, she jess about had her hands full of 'em."

"Well, the young birds had come pretty well along, an' the old 'oman was beginnin' to count up her market profits onto 'em, when, all of a sudden, their turkeys begin to disappear, as the feller says, an' a'most before she knew it, nigh half on 'em was missin'."

"Them turkeys kept a-goin', until Sukey declar'd she'd stop it, an' one day, when I came in from huntin', I see that she'd

runned the meat-house into a turkey-pen, an' turned the back-kitchen into a meat-house.

"I didn't say a word; 'twouldn't 'a' been no use, yur see, as the feller says, but I did think the proceedin' was a little erreg'lar."

"The thing worked first-rate for a good while, and nary turkey was missin'."

"Well, one mornin' airily, afore I had got up, I heard Sukey buzzin' about the house,

declar'd she'd stop it, an' one day, when I came in from huntin', I see that she'd

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